

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

VOL. 4. NO. 22

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THINGS DULY OBSERVED.

### COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What is Heard, Seen, Learned and Pertinently Suggested to the Multitude.

Among the governor's mail the other day was a letter in French. The linguistic appliances of the gubernatorial office were unequal to the occasion, and Commissioner Jenkins of the labor bureau was pressed into service as translator. The letter proved to be from a French publishing firm, which asked to have certain data in one of its works corrected to date. Pasted to the letter was a slip, evidently clipped from a book, purporting to give information about Nebraska. Among other amusing things it put down Omaha as the capital of the state. First among the principal hotels was the "Hotel Gami," closely followed by "Road House," and the "Paxton" was at the tail end, while the Millard was not mentioned. Johnny Crepeau's idea of road houses is peculiar.

But you mustn't get too gay at his expense, for we have a similar blunder near at home that may take some of the wind out of our bag of pride. If you will refer to a Webster's unbridged not published within the past year or so you will find that it credits Omaha with being the capital of Nebraska. It is a little odd that that blunder should have been allowed to stand for twenty years unchallenged, but there it has been. The credit of discovering the error and notifying the publishers belongs to a Nebraska editor, Mr. L. B. Kramer of the American Press Association of Omaha.

Several persons have questioned the COURIER's theory of Prof. Seymour's so-called mind reading. Among them is my friend Quiz, a bright, intelligent fellow, but with a provokingly willing ear for the supernatural pretensions of museum fakes. He is a type of a class. It is provoking to find a streak of credulity in their general intelligence, and they are often provokingly stubborn in resisting plausible but not provable theories for the mysterious exhibitions which it is the business of the museums to put before the public.

The so-called mind-reading is really muscle-reading. The operator takes hold of one of the subject's hands and usually puts his other hand in contact with the subject's head. The subject is told to grasp the hand of the operator with a grip so firm that any change in the tension of the muscles is instantly caught by the sensitive, trained operator through the sense of feeling. When, in the midst of an experiment, the operator approaches the object or place upon which your thoughts are concentrated your muscles betray you with an involuntary action. It's a great deal like the children's game of "hot and cold." The play of your muscles tells the operator whether he is nearing or leaving the object of his search. When the object is found your mind relaxes its tension. There is a corresponding effect upon the muscles, and the operator knows how to interpret it. The subject is unconscious of the muscular action that is betraying him, and it shows that the operator must have an extremely sensitive touch and an acute, quick perception.

My friend Quiz breaks in here with "I don't believe it. You needn't tell me that Seymour can detect workings among my muscles when I don't know anything about it myself." I grant you that it is an extremely delicate operation. This sensitiveness of touch may be a gift of birth, for mind-readers are scarce. But in support of my explanation I have not only the theory of the scientists but the positive assurance of a mind-reader himself. The gentleman is Montague Howard of the Boston Globe. After seeing one of Bishop's performances he began experimenting on the muscular action theory and soon became an expert. He is only an amateur, but he does acts that I have not heard of the professionals attempting. For example, he performs experiments during which the only connection he has with his subject is by means of a wire grasped in the hand. As a newspaper man, whose mission is to give the public the truth, Howard disdains all supernatural powers and explains how he is guided by the involuntary muscular action in his subject. I grant that it is a remarkable power, but why should we reject so plausible an explanation of it when dozens of other things quite as wonderful have found reasonable solutions?

Neither Brown, Bishop nor Seymour reads your thoughts. If you will follow their experiments and analyze them you will find this to be a fact: That they merely locate a spot and then the article placed or concealed at that spot. The pretension of reading one's mind is a bore, and it is provoking that people otherwise sensible will swallow it. Myth-loving Quiz doubted the proposition, "because he will just take hold of your hand and tell you your age," he argued. Quiz took that statement on faith. As a matter of fact the mind-reader has a chart filled with numbers from one upward. He asks the subject to think of the number on the chart corresponding to his age. He passes the hand of the subject, closely grasped in his own, across the chart until the tell-tale muscles betray the number the subject is thinking of and looking at. In other words, Seymour does not read your thoughts, he merely locates a spot on which your attention is riveted. If he is a mind-reader he ought to tell you your age without the aid of a chart, but he cannot do it. Furthermore, let the subject close his eyes, so that he cannot see. He may think of his age with redoubled concentration, but I will defy Seymour or any other mind-reader to tell him what it is. He may pass over the correct number on the chart a dozen times; but, the subject being unable to see, the fact cannot be communicated to the muscles and for once they keep the secret.

"Well," says Quiz a little doubtfully, "he tells you the name of your father, although he lives a thousand miles away or may have been dead many years." But in this act the operator uses a chart containing the letters of the alphabet. He doesn't read the mind of his subject. He finds the spot on the chart containing the first letter of the name, and in the same way he finds enough of the succeeding letters to give him the whole name. Let the subject think of the name as a whole but without looking at any particular letter, and the operator will be baffled.

Again, let the subject remain stationary, standing or sitting, and the operator will be unable to name or describe the article concealed six inches beyond his reach, and if he locates it it will only be by guess, because the subject gives him the general direction. As a matter of fact the alleged mind-reader is unable to name or describe a concealed article of which he has no previous knowledge until he feels or sees it. If he reads minds he ought to do it once in awhile. But he doesn't. He gets directions and localities from the subject and then picks out an object in that locality.

Seymour's driving test is another humbug in this respect. He pretends to drive through crowded streets blindfolded, guided alone by his mysterious power. The committee of newspaper men who rode behind him last week are satisfied that the professor could see easily from underneath the bandage across his face. There is not the slightest doubt of it. Seymour got the street and number of Huffmann & McCreary's store by using the aforementioned charts. Editor Fairbrother of the Call was the subject. The professor wanted to know between which two cross streets the store was located, but he was unable to get it until, in response to Seymour's instructions, Fairbrother put his eyes as well as his thoughts on the spot between the numbers 12 and 13 on the chart. Of course Seymour, as a matter of business, had the lay of the city well enough in mind to find the store without difficulty. The rest of the test was the same as in finding concealed objects at the museum. The drive is a fake, a blind, a humbug, that adds nothing to the difficulty of the performance except in the minds of the credulous.

In the face of these facts, most of which can be verified by an observing investigator, the claim of "mind-reading" is pretty thin. I don't blame the professors of the art for giving it a name that will attract people and money. That's their business. But I do pity that big class of simple people who swallow the claims of every quack and pretender, and then fight in his defense. Confidentially, it was the stubborn, fighting credulity of my friend Quiz that provoked my ire to this explanation. I feel better now.

But there is another account with Quiz that I might as well settle while at it. He took considerable stock in Ajeeb, the checker player, and the claims for it as an automaton. A great many other people were also taken in by the whiz of machinery and the apparent fairness in opening the figure to inspection. The young man in charge took pains not to let any one see into the bowels of the Turk, or the people would have seen a little Swede lying on his side with his head resting in the left arm of the figure. The Swede is all wrapped up in chess and checkers and is a quiet, uncommunicative fellow. Those who saw the figure will recall several folds of yellow cloth on the abdomen of Ajeeb lapped over each other like the shingles of a roof. The player watched the board through an opening between two of the cloth folds.

The Swede is an expert, but not invincible. He lost two games of checkers while in Lincoln, one of them to a bellboy at the Capital Hotel. Many will recall the manager's loud offer to wager \$1,000 to \$100 that Ajeeb could not be defeated in a series of games. He had to take water in Kansas City. Among the visitors to the museum there was Frank A. Fitzpatrick, one of the most noted checker players in the United States. Fitzpatrick is the general agent for the Barnes publishing house, and has the reputation of being one of the most cultured and scholarly men in the country. Checker playing with him is purely a recreation. He gained his skill in a singular way. When a young man he had his face shot full of powder. It nearly ruined his eyesight and he spent two winters in New York with Dr. Clute, the great eye specialist. Clute is, of course, one of the moguls of checkers, and as his patient could not read, he undertook to teach him checkers. Fitzpatrick was an apt pupil and soon became a fine player. Despite Mr. Fitzpatrick's best efforts, however, he never won a game from Clute. He became so proficient that they would play drawn games for dozens of games at a time, but Clute was so well versed in the game that he could not be beaten. When in Kansas City Mr. Fitzpatrick, on the quiet, offered to take up the \$1,000 wager that no one could beat Ajeeb. The latter's manager made a great ado over it and Mr. Fitzpatrick declined to play.

Editor Fairbrother, by the bye, has gone to New York on a scheme worth millions. It is thirty or forty gentlemen, publishers from various parts of the country, are expected to meet in Gotham and form a company, somewhat after the model of the American Press Association, which furnishes the newspapers of the country with reading matter in stereotypical plates. The scheme is to establish central offices at strategic points like New York, Chicago and Omaha. Each publisher will act as news agent of his own and contiguous states. Mr. Fairbrother, for example, expects to cover Nebraska, Iowa and Colorado. He will write or engage some one to write a series of letters covering his territory. If the letters will cover state affairs or institutions of interest. These will be put into type, stereotyped and offered to the publishers of the country at \$2 for a page of six columns. Each of the publisher members of the company is expected to use some of these plates as soon as the service begins, so that the con-

cern will have a business assured from the start.

Bright wits like my friend Mason of the Journal and dull wits of varying degrees of mugginess find in the "pewter plates," as they please to call them, an ever present target for their shafts. But the plate has been a Godsend to the poor publisher and a beneficent improvement for the reading public. Type-setting is expensive, and in the old days the country publisher ran columns after column of advertising for patent medicines and quack nostrums at ruinous rates to save printers' wages. Plate matter is furnished so cheap that the country paper now gives more and better reading matter than ever before. By the new system any paper is able to have the product of the ablest pens in the country, and what matters it to the reader in Beatrice for example that the same articles appear in a paper at Kearney? It doesn't lessen the value of the matter to the reader of either paper, and the common sneer at plates is a woful misfit. As a matter of fact, the plate concerns employ more and better talent in preparing their matter than any of the weekly newspapers can afford to, not to mention illustrations.

What matters it to the reader at Beatrice that a lot of Joe Howard's or Olive Harter's is printed from a plate, cast from type set at Omaha instead of from type set at Beatrice? The letter is all there, just as fresh, as readable, as attractive and as well printed as though put in type in his own town, and if he waited for the latter condition before reading such letters he probably would never find one in his home paper. These writers are high-priced, and but for the system which divides the cost of their work among a number of journals their letters would never be seen in the ordinary weekly. My newspaper experience began before the days of plates, and I know they have made a wonderful improvement in weekly papers. I will take the reading matter of the plate concerns in preference to homemade gush and slush and political palaver. I am not a dog in the manger and it robs me of no pleasure or benefit to know that the readers of a score of papers scattered over these broad United States are reading the same matter at about the same time as myself.

The concerns for supplying plates and patent insides have been uniformly successful and highly profitable. The new enterprise in which Fairbrother is interested has some one back of it ready to invest \$100,000; the publishers will join in the undertaking. Each contributor will be paid for the matter he furnishes, probably at column rates, so that from contributions and dividends the Lincoln editor expects to reap a handsome return for a little work on the side.

This newspaper talk reminds me that Hovey Barrett has made an unexpected change in his plans. He quit his Omaha Herald correspondence to go to South Dakota, find out where the state capital is to be and then start a daily paper or speculate in dirt. In the newspaper scheme was another Lincoln scribbler, who was going to bear half the expense of spying out the land, and they thought of it as a political connection that would give them a strong pull in the new state. Barrett went to Council Bluffs last week at the request of a friend named Grim, who has charge of the Omaha World's business in that city, and Grim made him a proposition that was too tempting to be resisted. Grim bought the Reflector, the Bluffs' society paper, and he guaranteed Barrett a salary of \$50 a week to edit it. "A bird in the hand," etc. Barrett made an exceptionally good correspondent. He is college bred but not above work. He is industrious and a young fellow of excellent habits. He has not been a society blood and is not likely to enter upon such a career now, but he is manly all around and can be recommended to the people of Council Bluffs without qualification.

Lincoln is likely soon to have a hotel commensurate with its size and dignity and traffic. Two distinct enterprises of the kind are well in hand, and as the success of one means the abandonment of the other each will serve as a spur to the projectors of its rival. A few days ago General McBride had two moneyed men in town, one from Chicago and the other from Kansas City, to canvass the situation for a big and modern hotel. These gentlemen offered an assurance that they would go into a \$250,000 enterprise if Lincoln parties would take \$50,000 worth of the stock. Their plan is to use the northwest corner of P and Twelfth streets opposite the McBride block, which explains the general's activity in the matter. They have an option on the A. M. Davis property, \$25,000 being the figure put on a fifty-foot front. The ground adjoining on P street is offered at a reasonable figure.

The other scheme contemplates the use of the southwest corner of Twelfth and N streets, using all the ground between those streets and the alley on the south and Odell's restaurant on the west. The backers of this enterprise are Messrs. C. E. Montgomery and J. J. Imhoff. They are organizing a company with a capital of \$300,000, and they expect to be able next week to make a public announcement of their intentions. They have in view a structure of five or six stories, and may use Mr. Imhoff's plans of two or three years ago, which called for a magnificent six story hotel with dining room and kitchen on the top floor. Lincolnites will look eagerly for the fruition of their hopes.

It seems that the Observer's information was at fault in the statement that Mr. Clarence Brown, advertising agent for the Union Pacific, was a subordinate in that department. Mr. Brown was secretary to Mr. E. L. Lomax, now general passenger agent, but this does not affect the conclusion drawn from Mr. Brown's rise to the head of an important department in a great railroad system; that his ability and faithfulness merited recognition and won promotion.

We are selling a good solid shoe for ladies and gentlemen for \$2.00. Ask to see them at Webster & Rogers', 1043 O street.

## SEEN AT THE PLAY HOUSES.

### MATTERS MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

A Review of the Past, a Word for the Present and Prospects for Future Amusements.

#### AT FUNKE'S.

It is a satisfaction to be able to say a good word for the Bon Ton company filling the week at Funke's at cheap prices. Most second-hand class-snaps fill bill board and press with extravagant promises and give wretched fulfillment. The Bon Ton advertised itself for what it is, and has given better performance than were to be expected. Clever is not too strong an adjective for several members of the company, and as a matter of fact they have given a better show than many dollar companies. The engagement ends tonight with Rip Van Winkle. No attraction is booked for next week.

#### EDEN MUSEE.

This popular place of amusement was well patronized during the week. The attractions in the Curio Hall were of great interest. The white and black twins were curiosities indeed. The three-headed songstress was one of the prettiest illusions yet seen at the museum. The Langan children and the jubilee singers pleased all. In the theaterium Perles and Erni, the gymnasts, and the Cains' comedy company gave a good entertainment. Commencing Monday, Manager Lawler has what he calls his "Banner show." The Georgia minstrels, late Haverly's colored minstrels, thirty in number, will show all the week. They carry a full brass band, will make a street parade every day and the entertainment will be the same as given at another house at advanced prices. It costs only 10 cents to see and hear this show at the museum. The Curio Hall has a host of attractions, prominent among which will be Callahan, the ventriloquist, and Rosa, the French bearded lady. Friday will be ladies' souvenir day and Saturday children's day.

#### ANOTHER NEW OPERA.

"The Oolah" is a new opera of which we are likely to hear a great deal, and people who are to keep posted on these things will be interested in its make up. It is backed by Francis Wilson, who gave "Erminie" a great success in New York. The music of the opera is by Charles Leocq and the adaptation of the libretto is by Sydney Rosenfeld. The scenes are in Persia, and the story is based upon the peculiar laws of marriage and divorce supposed, for the purposes of the libretto, to prevail in that country. At one period in Persian history, so the legend goes, separations of man and wife became so common in that country that the government undertook to check them by a novel expedient. Most of these domestic jars were of a trivial nature, and often husband and wife, quarreled and separated after breakfast, regretted their errors before dinner, and returned to each other before supper. The government determined to make married people think twice before divorcing themselves, and ordained that when a couple had once declared before the proper official their intention of living apart the wife should be debarré from returning to the husband until she had been married again and been divorced from husband No. 2. Then, if both she and he, they might marry again. It is one of the complications of this condition of affairs that the complications of "The Oolah" are supposed to develop, and the object of the story is to show that the laws of Persia could be juggled with as easily as those of any other land. To meet the requirements of separated spouses who desire to be reunited, the professional marriage broker or the Oolah came to the front. The Oolah went through the form of marriage with the divorced woman, lived in her presence for twenty-four hours, maintaining during that time a dignified respect for his temporary bride, and then returned her to her repentant first husband, received his fee, and was free to accept a new engagement of marriage with his next client.

#### AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Mr. J. N. Higginbotham has been invited to assist the Omaha Elks in their minstrel show of the 20th.

James Reynard, late of the Andrews dramatic company, is now night clerk for Kennedy & Riggs.

Fanny Davenport will continue under the management of Klaw & Erlanger next season, appearing in "La Tosca" only.

H. B. Conway, a young English actor, has been engaged to support Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., when that young woman is presented as a star.

In "Paola," the new comic opera of the composers of "Erminie," there is a chorus of "poor relations." Ten male chorists in the attire of a century back bewail their poverty with the proud reflection that they have never sinned their blue blood by descending to trade.

Booth and Barrett will probably continue their business partnership as long as both live. They will soon sever their artistic partnership for a time, but their business association has been too profitable to be surrendered. During their season of 1887-88 they cleared more than a half million dollars and the profits of the tour now closing will be nearly as large. The Booth and Barrett combination ends its present season July 6th in Helena, Montana. They begin next season together September 23rd in Louisville, where they play for one week, after which Mr. Modjeska will join Booth and Barrett will go to Chicago to produce his new play of "Ganelon."

The announcement that Mrs. Alice Snell McCrea is to "go on the stage," as the phrase has it, causes no particular surprise among her friends in Chicago. "Allie," as she was known in her teens when she was one of the sweet girl undergraduates at the Misses Grant's seminary, was always restive in the bonds of conventional life. One of her old schoolmates says of her, "Allie was always a silly girl at school. She never knew a lesson, and talked about young men continually. She was a lovely girl when she was sixteen or seventeen. Her face was exceedingly pretty,

and she had a great nimbus of yellow hair which always hung in waves upon her shoulders. The girls at Miss Grant's envied her for her beauty and her handsome gowns. Most of them, the daughters of wealthy families, dressed with tasteful simplicity, but Allie would sail into school arrayed like the queen of Sheba. I remember one day she came into the French class, wearing a dress consisting mostly of leopard's skin. It was very fetching, but the girls all said then that Allie ought to go on the stage, and now that she is going, I am not a bit surprised." In her ante-nuptial days Miss Snell was conspicuous at the theatres, where she was usually seen with the most rapid specimens of Chicago's incipient manhood. When she married Willy McCrea, she is reported to have said: "I may like to run around with dudes, but I know too much to marry one of 'em." The match caused a good deal of surprise, and was opposed by the McCrea family. The opposition—whatever there was of it—was caused by objections to the Snell family. Old Mr. Snell was a good, honest old man, quiet, unpretentious, but distinctly common, and rest his soul—with an unconquerable penchant for sitting on his front steps with his coat, hat and shoes off, thereby exciting the ire of his neighbors on Washington Boulevard. He was formerly the proprietor of a toll gate on a suburban Chicago plank road. Mrs. Snell is of the same order as her whilom spouse. Once at Martine's dancing academy she entered with her two pretty daughters and proclaimed loudly enough to be heard all over the hall, "Well, I'm sweeten' like a hox." It is only a trifle over a year since old Mr. Snell was murdered, and since then several people have had considerable diversion with his duets, and now those shokels, so hardly earned and so closely saved, are to be instrumental in putting Mrs. Snell McCrea forward as a "society star."

#### PEN, PAPER AND INK.

Chat about Books, Magazines and Exchanges of Recent Issue.

"Modes of travel in Japan" and an account of the slave trade in Africa are interesting articles in the May Democrat.

Breezy Outing has arrived for May and among many good things has articles on amateur photography and camping out of special interest. There is also an article, "Habit and Saddle for Ladies," that should be read by all of the fair sex who indulge in riding or have the desire to.

In the Overland for May is a timely article on Life in Samoa, giving the experience of a handful of mariners shipwrecked on that dangerous shore before civilization had made white men as safe from violence from the natives as they are now. Another Pacific Ocean sketch is of a trip to Hale-a-kala, "the House of Fire," the Hawaiian Island crater big enough to put both New York city and San Francisco in at once.

Countless readers of "The Story of Margaret Kent" and of the author's other works will be glad to learn something about Mrs. Kirk, her life, her literary ideals, and the circumstances under which her best known book was written, which are sketched in the May Book Buyer. A portrait and a sketch in the same number also serve to penetrate the mystery that has always surrounded the author of that clever book, "Cape Cod Folks"—Sally Pratt McLean, an uncommonly pretty young woman, whose "pose" is unconventional indeed. There is also an account of the curious literary partnership of M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian, the famous French novelists.

Persons sufficiently interested in politics to read exhaustive articles will find in the May Forum two notable papers. One is "The Republican Party and the Negro," by E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York Evening Post, who shows the impracticability of all plans to give special protection to the negro vote in the south, except the plan of allowing the southern people to solve the problem themselves, citing evidence to show that the south is doing this as fast as possible. The other is "The Saloon as a Political Power," by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, of the New York legislature, who argues the necessity of destroying the political influence of the saloon before dividing public attention as to methods of temperance reform, and gives many striking instances of corrupt political work done by saloon keepers and brewers.

The Art Amateur completes its tenth year with the May number, although it modestly refrains from even mentioning the fact. The current issue is filled with all kinds of artistic designs, mostly full working size, and practical articles on oil, water-color, tapestry, and china painting, besides others on wood carving and church and home embroidery. All clear enough for any novice to understand. The strong point of the magazine is its practical tone. For china painters, besides other designs in black and white (with directions for treatment for all), there is a charming fern decoration in green and gold for a tea service, which is very easy to execute. The well illustrated articles for the benefit of young artists who wish to become illustrators for the magazines are continued, and the home decoration and the amateur photography department are well kept up.

There is a great deal to learn in this world, and a great deal that is not worth learning. If we could but manage to skip the latter, and swallow and digest only that which is best for us, how wise we all would be! Such philosophers, however, are scarce; but Table Talk is engaged in the very charitable business of trying to increase their number and if it can succeed in getting the world to swallow its monthly contents regularly, the question of its success in other directions can hardly be doubtful. We are entirely too thoughtless about the welfare of the inner man. We think, worry, study and toil over the manner in which we shall clothe our mind and body, while our poor stomach is often mistakenly abused. Surely, gastronomic wisdom is not so far below the other sort in value,—if it be at all below—notwithstanding that the prevalence of bad cooking and dyspepsia would seem an argument to prove that it is.

Among the good things in the May Scribner is an article on "Photography," by Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard. It brings together in an interesting way the re-

markable achievements which the dry plate and instantaneous process have made possible. The illustrations are from photographs taken under unusual conditions—showing objects photographed under water, by lamp and by candle light, by lightning and by flash powers; and illustrating the method of photographing the values of colors, surf and waves, men in motion, and the vibrations of spoken words. Theodore Voorhees, Assistant General Superintendent of the New York Central, contributes to the Railway Series of Scribner's a lucid and entertaining account of the complicated machinery which keeps in motion "The Freight-car Service" of the country. He describes the strange wanderings of a freight car; the methods employed by the car accountant's office to keep track of the wanderings; and the use and abuse of cars. The illustrations show important freight yards, piers, warehouses, car works and floating trains.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts. In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected lists are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway: Oconomowoc, Wis., Clear Lake, Iowa, Minocqua, Wis., Lakes Okoboji, Ia., Waukesha, Wis., Spirit Lake, Iowa, Paimyra, Wis., Frontenac, Minn., Tomahawk Lakes, Wis., Lake Minnetonka, Minn., Lakeside, Wis., Ortonville, Minn., Kilbuck City, Wis., Prior Lake, Minn., Dells of the Wisconsin, White Bear Lake, Minn., Beaver Dam, Wis., Big Stone Lake, Dakota, Madison, Wis.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated guide book, entitled "Cool Retreats." Address A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 4-1-till 5-15-89.

Puget Sound Points. The Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," is now ready to take excellent care of all passengers who go via its line to Tacoma, Olympia, Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria and all Puget Sound and Washington Territory points. It's the most direct and best line from Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and all eastern states to this new and rich country, and passengers will save time in traveling to points in Washington Territory via the Union Pacific railway. Apply to your nearest ticket agent for rates, information and pamphlets on Washington Territory, to any General or Traveling Passenger Agent of this company or E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness. To the residents of Lincoln, Neb.: This is to notify you that the undersigned have purchased the right and title to the business heretofore conducted under the name of the Crystal Steam Laundry, and organized into a corporate body in accordance with the laws of the state of Nebraska, under the title of the "Capital Steam Laundry and Office Supply Company," of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. J. W. Wilder has been employed as manager and we guarantee that all work entrusted to our care will be done satisfactorily. R. F. MACDONALD, J. W. HANSENDALE, W. C. LONG.

An Expression of Delight. "About a week ago," says a Los Angeles, Cal., druggist, "a Chinaman came in with a lame shoulder. I sold him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and guaranteed that it would cure him. He came in again last night, and as soon as he got inside the door, began to swing his arms over his head like an Indian club swinger. I thought the blamed fool had a fit, but he finally stopped long enough to say: 'Medicine velle fine; alle same make me feel plenty good.' Chamberlain's Pain Balm is without an equal for sprains, rheumatism, aches, pains or lame back. For sale by A. H. Shrader, druggist.

Pumps and Wells. Dean & Horton have made contracts with well men to leave orders at their office for Drive, Bored or Tubular wells. All work guaranteed or no pay.

Five dollars will buy a \$10 spring garment at Ashby & Millsap's. Sale begins today, Saturday, May 11.

White goods and French satens—H. R. Nisley & Co.

Call up telephone number 118 and order your ice of the Lincoln Ice Company. Office 1040 O street.

Take that prescription to Wilson & Green's pharmacy 139 south Tenth street, where it will be accurately compounded and prices will be reasonable.

Brushes, combs, hand glasses, eye glasses, specs, etc., at Chapman's drug store, 1123 O street.

New summer dress goods at H. R. Nisley & Co.

The choicest brand of cigars, the finest fruit and confectionery and the various flavors of pure ice cream may be found at Morton & Leighty's new store, 1130 N street.

Call and look through the shoe department, at H. R. Nisley & Co.

Morton & Leighty at their handsome new ice cream parlors will serve none but strictly pure ice cream. A line of fine confectionery will also be found fresh and at right prices.

Toreman & Crow have a very nobby thing in the way of ladies' gloves for street wear. It is a Chamois as soft as silk, and comes in eight button lengths. The price is low, but 75 cents.

Ladies' Russett Seamless Oxford for \$1.25 at Webster & Rogers', 1043 O street.